

# Into the Dolomites

by  
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Wet wheels whirr on la strada de compana  
Our bus on a magical mystery tour  
Past ruined villas looking old as ancient Rome,  
Gnarled vineyards whose vintages lie waiting  
For future generations' eager thirst.

Shuttered windows shelter marvels, I envy all unseen.  
Broken tiles lie, shards of earth, shattered back to orange earth again  
Italian earth thou art, to earth returneth thou.

Poplar rows mark hillocks, fields, and homes. "These are mine" they say.  
Flower laden balconies proclaim an artist's soul,  
Painting color upon color until I think my soul  
Will burst in bloom itself.

Words, words everywhere, italo words  
with endings that glide melting on the tongue:  
Filli, sole, elli, itti, aro, enza  
They sing an aria of common things made precious by their sounds

White iced Dolomites stand guard over Asolo's walls--  
Stones mossed and thick with history: of hun and plague and war;  
Of Browning and of Duse and other unnamed lovers

Across the swooning hills of Asolo march espaliered blossoms  
--row on row of flowered crucifici  
The Spring has brought a floral resurrection to the world

Spring in Italy! amidst the Italian countryside,  
I close my eyes to keep my heart from spilling out.

Italia te adoro!